

MADE-OVER BRAIN

By R. J. PEARSON.

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Jimmy Martin—otherwise known as number 2642, Grin-Grin Penitentiary—granted his disapproval.

His head satisfied him as it was. Anyway, it was his own, and what business had an old grandmother of a science teller to be a-feelin' of it? And then, as he got out of the chair, he broke out in open protest, for the bespectacled scientist poked to the guard and he was told gruffly to wait.

This meant that his head had been found wrong in some remediable particular, and that, in his own phraseology, he was to be carved.

"Ah, say!" he said. "Me nut suits me, p'essor. And it's mine, ain't it? Why can't y' let it be?"

"My friend," said the great surgeon, "in your present condition you are incapable of judging your own welfare. The peculiar indentation in the posterior motor region prevents—"

But his explanations were cut short by the burly prison guard who shoved in front of Jimmy.

"Get over in line there," said this latter. "And if I hear any more out of you, I'll operate on you myself with this club."

"Gee, I'll bet you've got an awful shaped knob under that mop of hair," remarked Martin, in a very careful undertone, as he sidled quickly into place. "I'd like t' split it open for ye to see what's inside. An' I will, too, when I git out."

For three years now Jimmy's plans had dated from that vital "when I git out." And in three years one can plan many things. Also, if one is possessed of some native ability, can plan them rather well, too.

Jimmy, in the light gained by these meditations, looked back upon his first few bungling crimes with poignant contempt. He realized now how raw and amateurish they had been.

But—"when he got out—"

"Now this, gentlemen," the surgeon was saying, "is a case of acute congenital motor perversity. Here is the section of the brain, inherited from the ape family, which is the seat of all morbid craving for the property of others."

"It is present in all of us, but has been found to be most prominent in kleptomaniacs and captains of industry. Its removal—Jimmy shivered—"means death." Jimmy shaped his mouth for a yell. "Consequently such an experiment is, of course, impracticable."

"But here is the crux of our unfortunate friend's case. You perceive this indentation of the cranium. Directly below is the motor nerve center concerned with the carrying out of the impulses suggested by the region of which I have spoken. From birth the malformed skull has irritated this center and goaded it into abnormal activity."

"The removal of the cause will naturally remove the effect. I propose to cut out the bone and replace it by a properly shaped silver plate. Thus the undue pressure, and consequently, the undue activity will be allayed."

Now most of this was unintelligible to Jimmy. But he gathered that there was no great danger in the operation, and so he submitted, though reluctant.

When, after recovering from the slight illness caused by the chloroform, he found that he would enjoy a period of some weeks' rest in the hospital, he was almost grateful to the surgeon for performing it.

Came one day the warden to his cell.

"Martin," he said, through the bars, "you were sentenced to serve five years in this prison."

"Yes, sir," replied Martin, twiddling his thumbs.

"You have served three years, two months. Your conduct has not been exemplary, but I have no complaint to make."

"Thank ye, sir."

"Some time ago I received a letter from the State Medical board, giving the names of the men who, in their opinion, had been cured of their criminal tendencies by operations performed by the surgeon who lately visited us."

Jimmy turned white and then began to tremble.

"Your name was among them. Brace up, man! I sent the list to the board of governors, staffing the case. The board of governors forwarded it to the governor of the state. He has sent it back. Some of the men he has paroled, some pardoned. You are pardoned."

The blood of James Martin, convict No. 2642 no longer, had all rushed to his heart, where it was holding high carnival.

"He was free. Free to fulfill his destiny. Free to embark again on the

business for which nature had designed him, equipped with all the skill and cunning born of his three years' brooding.

James Martin, Requisite, city plumber, had a little money, infinite patience, considerable mechanical skill, and an uncultivated instinct for mathematics. He also possessed the rental of a certain house that had figured very largely in one of the most attractive of the dreams that has occupied him in Grin-Grin.

The house had a cellar, and the cellar, three months after Martin's release, had an exit in the shape of a tunnel leading straight to the vaults of the Cedarvale National bank.

This tunnel was the result of much strenuous labor, carried on under the cover of night and loneliness.

The house being built on the very edge of a steep cliff overhanging the Missawa river, the dirt from the tunnel had been very easily disposed of, being simply carried across the cellar and dumped through an opening in the other side into the swift current. The roof of the tunnel being composed of stiff clay, it had required no artificial support.

All that had been required was minute exactitude in planning the course of the tunnel and plodding industry in digging it. But one hundred thousand dollars lay at the end of his job.

Behold, therefore, this spectacle: It is early evening, barely eight o'clock. Martin crouches at the extreme end of his long burrow, which at this point slants abruptly upward. He is working upward, too; his flying fingers are dislodging rapidly the bricks that separate him from his goal. And as he works his old-time prison habit comes back on him, and he talks to himself in whispers that carry barely beyond his lips.

"If I ain't made a mistake, I should be gettin' close." One more layer of bricks—there it is. The steel plate! Now if this new-fangled electric contraption works. Well, if it don't, I'll go back to me old drill."

He turned a button, carefully muffling the clicks, though he knew that a rifle-shot would have little chance of being heard outside the tunnel.

A sharp, pointed something sprang into intense, white heat, which revealed every eager line of Jimmy's set face. He applied the electric drill to the steel roof above him, and it ate its way in with barely a sound, sending out a shower of heated steel.

He groaned in his eagerness and satisfaction.

"Good, good! Oh, a winner—a winner—a winner! Now if the tide is backing up the river right—pahaw, of course it is. I c'n get away in the boat before midnight. Then for Porto Varez an' the wide, wide world—an' the beauty parlors."

Half an hour later a square section of steel plate sagged down, snapped off, and dropped to the bottom of the tunnel. Jimmy Martin's breath came in little excited gasps. He thrust himself through the opening and emerged on the floor of the great vault.

He had no need to waste time in investigation. The plans of the vault had not been hard to get; he knew them almost as well as the bank president himself. He stepped across to one corner, worked for five minutes with a lock, and drew open a large drawer marked:

100 G. C.

It was a grand sight. The drawer was literally packed with bundles of gold certificates. One hundred dollars each, one hundred in a pack, and ten packs. It required no mathematician to figure the value. One hundred thousand dollars!

Jimmy's mouth worked and watered. He stretched out his hand to take the money. He stretched out his hand—he tried to. He tried again. His body was bathed in cold sweat while he stood there and willed that his hand reach into that drawer and remove a package of gold certificates.

But it hung inertly at his side. For the first time in his life it refused to perform its function.

How long he stood there he never knew. His mind must have been in a chaotic condition. In wild efforts to retain its reason it groped blindly for the solution of its strange helplessness. And in his goaded memory half-forgotten phrases used by the great surgeon sprang again into prominence.

"The motor nerve center concerned with—unlawful acquisitiveness—Sudden release of abnormal pressure likely to paralyze the nerve center—Continuance of predatory habits will be impossible."

These words, uncomprehended when they were uttered, and but vaguely explained by the warden, were now plain as day. The instinct for theft remained, but the nerve center that carried the order to the muscles had been destroyed.

Cursing all science and scientists, Jimmy Martin left the vault—and the town. The laboriously constructed tunnel and the hole in the vault, both apparently unused, remained to form one of the great unsolved mysteries of criminology.

lowing figures are taken from reliable dictionaries of the various languages and are fairly complete: English, 450,000 words; German, 300,000 words; French, 140,000 words; Italian, 140,000 words; Spanish, 120,000 words.

Willing to Reciprocate.
A New York little girl is of an appreciative and generous nature. This is the way in which she recently concluded her evening prayer: "I do thank thee, God, for all my blessings, and—And I'll do as much for you any time I can."

Mary's Difficulty.
Little Mary was absent from her seat in school and sent no excuse. The teacher, in questioning some of Mary's playmates, was told that the reason Mary was not in her place was "cause she has a noise." Inquiry developed that "Mary has adenoids."

Just Between Friends.
"Julian has saved my life nine times this year."
"So that is what he meant when he called you a cat!"—Puck.

Words in Various Languages.
There is no accurate or complete estimate available of the number of words in the vocabularies of the various nations. The English language, however, is generally conceded to have the largest number of words. The fol-

Most Alluring Lounging Gowns



IN the hour of relaxation, within the walls of her own rooms, where women indulge themselves in dainty and utterly feminine surroundings, she may follow, too, the vagaries of her fancy in her apparel.

All the thin, filmy fabrics, the flower-sprinkled stuffs that are so pretty in themselves, and all the lovely laces that veil the flesh so lightly, wait the pleasure of the lady of the boudoir. It is allowed to meet the morning and start the day in such delightfully becoming caps and negligees as those pictured here. The day within doors is likely to be spent, until the hour for dinner is not far off, clad in such fastidious and easy-going garb, if it is to be a day without distractions or interruptions and devoted to the things of home.

The two caps and gowns shown here are very simple as compared to others made for the same sort of wear, by those who go in for the luxuries. But these lounging gowns of soft crepe have much to recommend them, and simplicity is one of the items in the list of their virtues. The robe at the left is high-waisted with a girle of silk rope and full sleeves shirred

at the top and in one with the shirred shoulder line. The skirt is plain and full, but hangs close to the figure.

The cap is made of lace insertion joined along the edges and shirred over small wires. It flares a little at the edge, where it is finished with a frill of the narrow lace.

The cap at the right is made of chiffon and lace. The crown is shirred over wires and a brim, extended into points at the sides in the Dutch cap fashion, is made of lace supported by wires.

The gown is cut with kimono bodice, over which wide lace is draped. The full skirt is caught up at the back, and the girle of ribbon is finished with a plain flat bow at the back.

Lace-trimmed petticoats are worn with these lounging gowns, and fancy slippers of flowered silk, or more substantial material, finished with ribbon rosettes, are in keeping with them. With a world of pretty and inexpensive fabrics, most of them of fine cotton, to choose from, it is only the unambitious woman who will be without any of the lovely little gowns in which to take comfort at home.

On the Subject of Furs



THE graceful and practical modes of the present time in outer garments are unusually well suited to furs, and fur coats have never been out on lines more impressive. But it is in trimmings and in fur sets that dealers have been able to make their most universal appeal.

The new long coats of velvet or satin brocade have large, full collars of fur and cuffs so ample that when the hands are brought together they have the effect of a muff. But garments just as smart are furnished with neck bands and cuffs of fur only three inches wide, so it seems that the latitude in styles is as great as the variety in furs.

This rule holds in matched sets of neckpieces and muffs. The general trend is toward smaller and shorter scarfs and muffs of moderate size. But exceptions to this are numerous enough for a comfortable assurance that any gracefully shaped scarf or muff is good style.

The most fashionable of furs in sets are Hudson seal, fish and skunk. Fox is a favorite, and certain fine pelts, as ermine and sable, Alaska seal, and silver fox, are not influenced by the modes to any very great extent. They are always in demand by those who can afford them.

A combination of two or even three different kinds of fur in one set is to be mentioned among the season's fads and the liking for one-skin effects in scarfs compels attention. Both these novelties are set forth in the picture given here. The neckpiece at the left is of Hudson seal trimmed with fish and bordered with skunk. The large muff is barrel shaped with ends banded with fish.

The white fox scarf is a good example of the one-skin scarf which is finished with head, tail and four claws. Quite often more than one skin goes into the making of this effect.

Fitch and Hudson seal make a beautiful combination suited to matronly wearers. White fox is for youth, and everyone may wear the durable and handsome skunk fur. All of them appear in handings with monkey fur added to the long list of fur trimmings which, it seems, everyone wants.

Japanese Sweetmeats.
Somewhere in Japan about two thousand years ago they made a honey from the starch of barley and called the product barley honey. This became a very popular article of food and, combined with rice flour, has become one of the national foods. It is a most desirable sweetmeat, healthful and delicious.

Optimistic Thought.
For all the early rising it dawns not the sooner.

Uncle Eben.
"De chances are," said Uncle Eben, "dat de man dat ain't never nuffin but happy an' good-natured has somehow managed to land bise' in a good loasin' job dat he's trine to hang onto."

Not Always.
A man respects the good woman, admires the brilliant woman, flatters the beautiful woman, and marries the woman who adroitly flatters him.—New York Sun.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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COURTESY A BUSINESS MAGNET.

A successful New York business man once sent a telegram to each of his several thousand clerks which read, "Did you say 'thank you' to every customer you waited upon today?" This man says that "thank you" has been the motto on which he has built an enormous business. He has spent \$50,000 in trying to impress this motto, and all that it means, upon his salesmen and clerks, so that they will not fail to make every customer feel that it is a real privilege to wait upon him.

These clerks are urged to establish the friendliest possible relations with their customers, to greet them with a smile, and to talk with them, not at or to them. They are urged to make such a pleasant impression upon every customer that he will not only come again, but will bring a friend.

A successful business man has tried to impress this idea upon the minds of his clerks, "Always think of what the customer will say when he gets out of the store."

Competition has become so keen, and the bid for public patronage so insistent that it is a matter of first importance for the business institution which would succeed today to be popular to have the good will of its patrons.

The officers of a bank, for instance, know that they must win and hold the favor of the public or go to the wall. They know that they cannot snub their customers today, as they once would, when there were fewer banks, without losing business. With a score of banks soliciting his business and offering every possible inducement to secure it, it does not require a very keen insight into human nature to know that, other things equal, the business man will patronize the bank that has the most pleasant, the most agreeable officers and clerks. It is human nature to like to be treated with courtesy, with consideration. I have known a rich New York man who carried a very large balance at his bank to change his account because of a little incivility of the receiving teller. One warm day when transacting business at the bank the man removed his hat and put it on the shelf in front of the teller's window. The teller ordered him harshly to remove his hat. "Yes," was the quick reply, "I will, and I will remove my account, too," which he proceeded to do. This was a little thing, you may say, but it is just these little things that influence customers.

Bank officials often wonder why Mr. So-and-so has withdrawn his patronage, and they will probably never know that it turned upon a hasty remark of a teller, a little disposition on the part of some official to be unaccommodating.

On the other hand, men often go out of their way quite a distance in order to deposit at a bank where the cashiers or tellers have been courteous, kind to them, have always shown a disposition to accommodate.

Some railroads in this country have built up an enormous patronage and made millions of dollars by this policy of helpfulness and courtesy among their employees to their patrons, while some parallel roads have been unsuccessful and have gone into the hands of a receiver largely because of the lack of courtesy, kindness and obligingness of their employees.

Courtesy pays in every business institution. Human nature is so constituted that people will often put themselves to great inconvenience, will even put up with an inferior article or with discomforts, rather than patronize houses that treat their customers rudely.

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and friction and the nerve racking.

ONENESS THAT PERVADES THE UNIVERSE.
The late Professor Shaler of Harvard university said that the greatest discovery of the last century was that of the unity of everything in the universe, the oneness of all life.

This idea that there is but one principle running through the universe, one life, one truth, one reality; that this power is divinely beneficent, and that we are in a great principle current, which is running Godward, is one of the most inspiring, encouraging and fear killing thoughts that ever entered the human mind.

The realization that in the truth of our being we are a part of the one great creative principle of the universe, a necessary, inseparable part of it, and that we can no more be annihilated than can the laws of mathematics; that we must be immortal ourselves because we are a part of immortal Principle; that we must partake of all of the qualities which compose our Creator-Father, that we must be perfect and immortal because we were created by Perfection, solves the greatest mysteries of life and gives us a wonderful sense of security, safety, satisfaction and contentment, which nothing else can give.

The constant contemplation of our

oneness with the infinite life helps to establish a certainty in our lives, an assurance that we are not the playthings of chance, the puppets of accident or fate; that we are not tossed hither and thither in the universe, the victims of a cruel destiny which we cannot control.

Just in proportion as we realize this oneness with the Divine, this at-oneness with our Maker, do our lives become calm, confident, creative.

I have seen a delicate woman pass through sufferings and trials which would have sent most strong men and women to an insane asylum, and yet she never wavered or complained, but was always, even during the darkest hours, poised, helpful, serene, always full of love for her fellow-men.

There was a light in her eyes which was not born of earth, because she was so intrenched in principle. In truth, so conscious of her oneness with the Divine, so completely in tune with the Infinite, and her faith was so gigantic that nothing could happen to throw her off her center. Not even torture or starvation or ostracism could smother out that divine light which shone in her eyes or destroy her equanimity or serenity. She felt the presence of a divine hand leading, guiding, protecting her, and she was not afraid.

It has ever been a mystery to the world that martyrs and prisoners could go through such sufferings and tortures, not only without a tremor of fear, but even with the assurance of victorious triumph. The reason was that they were anchored in eternal principle, buttressed by truth, justice and right. Nothing could happen seriously to disturb them, because the hand that held them fast was divine, omnipotent.

Just in proportion as we have a perfect sense of our at-oneness with the Divine shall we receive the life current, the health current, which can heal all our diseases. This is the secret of all mental healing, of all health, prosperity and happiness, a conscious union with the Divine. There is no harmony, no health, no genuine happiness that is lasting and worth while outside of this at-oneness. If we could only constantly live in the consciousness of this union we could always maintain physical and mental harmony. This is the secret of all human blessedness.

In this consciousness we do not grow old in spirit. Instead of declining with the years we renew our youth perpetually, and we constantly advance to greater and greater growth.

What a comforting and sustaining thought it is that an infinite power presides over us which is kinder to us than we are to ourselves, kinder than we can be to those we love best; a force which is always ready to heal our hurts and to restore us, no matter how we have sinned in violating nature's law!

When one feels that his hand is gripped by the Omnipotent hand he is "too near to God for doubt or fear," and he knows that no harm can come to him from any finite source.

The realization of all this will help us to live the life which is worth while, and will show us the bareness, the hollowness, the emptiness of the selfish, greedy struggle in which most of us are engaged. The consciousness that we actually do live, move and have our being in Divinity will elevate our standards and multiply our powers as nothing else can.

Afraid Boss Would Copy.
Our genial, glorious and humorous democracy alone could produce this jest:

A young woman from abroad is starting her conquest of the country by entering into domestic service with a haughty family. She had an afternoon off last Sunday and she put on her finest dress and paraded down the street with another domestic, a friend. And as they were walking along, talking of this and that, comparing experiences and notes and other such things, the companion said:

"Look, Norah! There's the woman you work for on the other side of the street!"

"Heavens, Maggie! I hope she don't see me!"

"Why? Are you afraid av yer boss?"

"No, ye fool. But it would be just like her to see this hat an' go an' get one just like it!"

Wairus Ate Itself to Death.

Ephraim, a huge wairus at the New York zoological park, has died of sheer laziness, superinduced by the most voracious appetite ever possessed by any animal. It was caught near Etah, Greenland, by Paul Rainey, and was presented to the park four years ago. At that time he weighed 148 pounds, but he began eating his way to an early death on the day he arrived. Eating was a continuous performance with Ephraim until he became so fat that it pained him to move. He weighed 500 pounds on the day of his death. In the last four months his weight increased at the rate of half a pound a day.

The Right Kind.

"I suppose the police photographer does not want bright, clear weather to make his pictures."

"Why not?"

"I should think he would rather have muggy days."

The Bacilli Craze.

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education."

"For what reason?"

"Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."

Long Words in Guatemala.

Humboldt once said that nothing in Mexico strikes Europeans more forcibly than the excessive length of the words. This length, moreover, does not always depend on their being compounded, as in the Greek, the German or the Sanskrit. The Mexican word for a kiss is *tetennamiquililli*. But that is nothing, says Charles W. Doeville-Fife in his book on Guatemala, to what the Central American can do. His best efforts eclipse even Shakespeare's often-quoted "Honor-

union with the infinite life helps to establish a certainty in our lives, an assurance that we are not the playthings of chance, the puppets of accident or fate; that we are not tossed hither and thither in the universe, the victims of a cruel destiny which we cannot control.

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